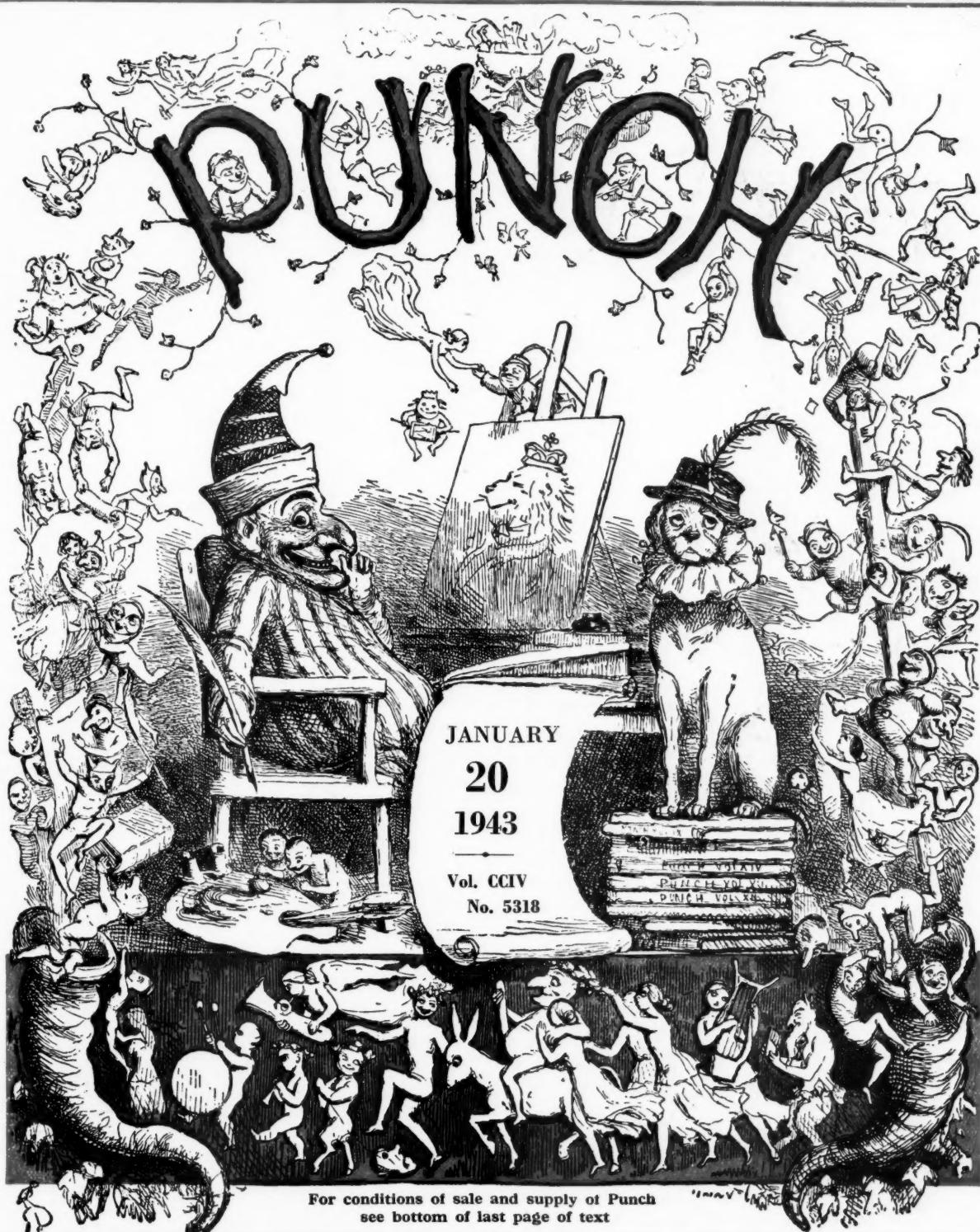


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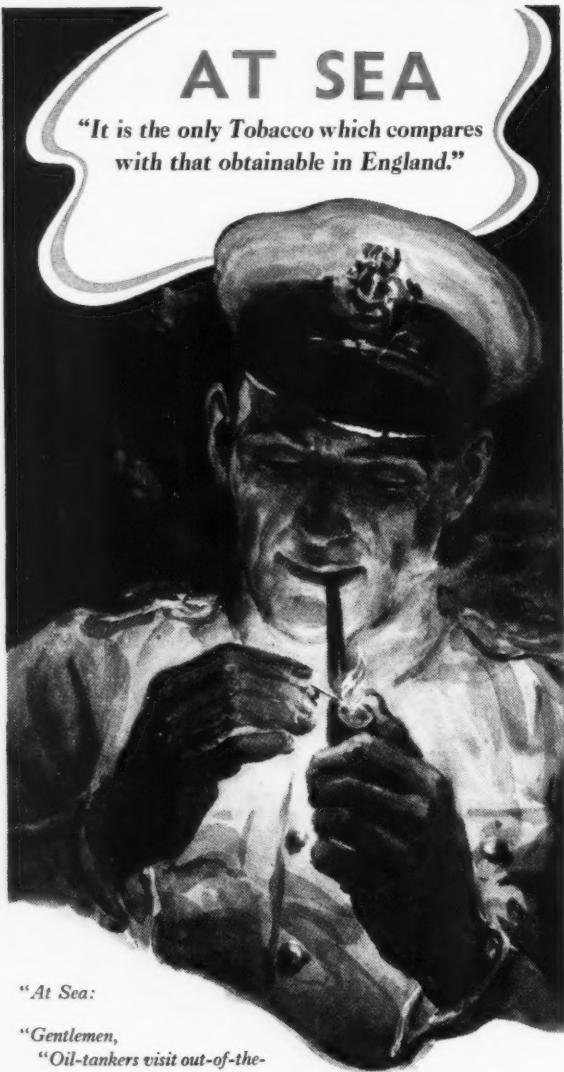


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Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN
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*"At Sea:**"Gentlemen,*

"Oil-tankers visit out-of-the-way places, and it was this state of affairs which separated me from Barneys for about five months.

"However, I was able to lay in a good stock when we arrived in . . . and I want you to know that it is the only tobacco which, in my experience of exported tobaccos, completely compares with that obtainable in England, both with regard to freshness and quality."

Wherever you buy Barneys it is the same fresh, fragrant

Barneys, friendly, satisfying and outstandingly good.

This letter can be verified, with many others . . . he is an Engineer Officer in a famous fleet of Oil-tankers.

About Barneys there must be something unusually good to bring such letters from every corner of the Globe. . . . Barneys, in one of its strengths,★ may bring to you a deeper realization of the joy of the pipe.

TRIBUTE TO Barneys

JOHN SINCLAIR

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild),
Punchbowle (full). 2/5d. oz.

John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.



HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

WHICH FOODS

GIVE US ENERGY?

Everybody knows that the man who does hard manual work and the child who is never still for a moment need more energy-producing foods than the man who sits all day in an office. Yet even the sedentary worker needs a diet of which half at least consists of carbohydrates, the energy-givers.

Obviously, then, the carbohydrates are important, especially for children. Fortunately they are cheap and so varied that any shortage in one group can be made up by substituting others in good supply.

Starch and sugars are the main carbohydrates. Starch is the chief

constituent of flours and cereals. Potatoes, and the pulses such as peas and beans, are also rich in starch. Sugars are, of course, a problem to-day and it is best to save the syrup, honey, jam or chocolate for the children.

Fats are the other energy-makers. They give a reserve of energy while carbohydrates give quick energy. Fats are provided by lard, suet, dripping, butter, margarine and fat meat. Don't overlook the herring either; whether you eat him as bloaters, kipper, or fresh herring, he's fine food for energy.

This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of

CROOKES'
HALIBUT LIVER OIL



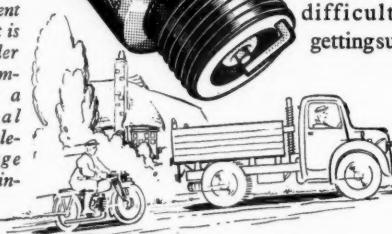
D3

Champion Plugs save your petrol



WITH THE FAMOUS
SILLMENT SEAL

An exclusive and unique feature of Champion Plugs is the Sillment Seal. Sillment is a dry powder which when compressed forms a perfect seal against troublesome leakage common to ordinary plugs.



**More Vital, more
Dependable than ever**

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED



Simple though it appears, the Hartley Headlamp Mask is the result of a long period of extensive research; that is why the "HARTLEY" has become almost universal since the early days of the blackout.

As in the case of most good things, products similar to all outward appearances appear from time to time, so we urge every motorist to insist on the genuine Hartley Headlamp Device. Obtainable from all good Motor Accessory Dealers and Garages.



A HOT DRINK AND BISCUITS

You're keeping within your fuel target like the good citizen you are, so you're feeling the nip in the air. Keep warm with biscuits and a hot drink. Put energy into your body when resistance against colds is running low.

There's no waste with biscuits and they're the best points value on the market.

BISCUITS
keep you going



CVS-46

DON'T DRY WET SHOES NEAR HEAT

— it perishes the leather!

HERE IS PROOF FROM A FARMER: — Farm, W. Sussex. Gentlemen,

29th September, 1942.

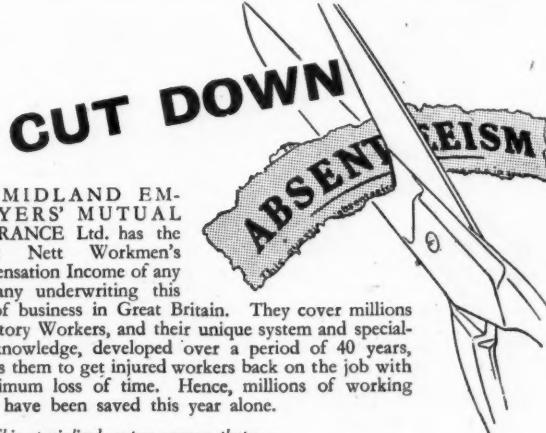
In your book "Take Care of Your Feet," you stress the importance to our general health of keeping footwear in good condition. I have proved how true and important this is and I am always trying to impress it upon my workers. Except for ditching, when we wear gumboots, most of us wear good, heavy, ordinary boots, and in wet weather, leggings. Naturally our boots get pretty wet sometimes, and when I was making alterations in the farm buildings some time ago a big boot rack was put up with a hot water pipe running underneath it so that boots would dry quickly. It wasn't long, however, before we discovered that this was a very unwise thing to do. After the boots had once been dried out quickly like this, they lost a good deal of their "nature" and certainly they wore out very much more quickly. Now we have done away with the hot pipe and the boots are dried in a good draught of cold air. We are finding that the boots keep out the wet better and repairs have been cut down to two resolatings a year, whereas formerly four, sometimes five were necessary. Not only do the soles last very much longer but uppers do too. I do not think that you make sufficient point of this in your otherwise excellent book.

Says Mrs. Lee
"That farmer's right,
I'll dry my shoes
in a draught tonight"

Yours faithfully,

Original may be seen

TAKE CARE OF YOUR FEET
War-time booklet free on
receipt of 1½d. postage
FOOT HEALTH EDUCATIONAL BUREAU
7 PARK LANE, W.I. E.W.G.



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This specialised system ensures that:—

1. The injured worker returns to work more quickly.
 2. He is contented and free from anxiety,
because he receives
1. Immediate Medical Attention and
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The employer, by insuring with the "Midland Employers," obtains full cover under the various Workmen's Compensation Acts and at Common Law at a MINIMUM of COST, because the expense ratio of the Company is only 13% as compared with 30% in the case of many other Companies.

It will be to your advantage to apply for rates of Premium and full particulars to—

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Head Office: Waterloo Street, Birmingham, 2.

Branches at—London, Bedford, Belfast, Brighton, Bristol, Chelmsford, Exeter, Glasgow, Gloucester, Hanley, Hull, Ipswich, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Maidstone, Manchester, Newcastle, Newport (Mon.), Nottingham, Reading, Scunthorpe, Sheffield, Southampton, Swansea, Truro.

Premium Income Exceeds £2,350,000. General Manager: Allan S. Barnfield, O.B.E.

For neat appearance and the worth-while qualities of strength and durability PATON'S BRITISH LACES are the best in the land.



A NATIONAL SAVING
PATON'S SHOE & BOOT LACES
FOR LASTING WEAR
FROM YOUR RETAILER—3d. to 8d. PER PAIR
WM. PATON LTD. JOHNSTONE SCOTLAND



Steady!

—that's the order in these days of shortage.

However tough on your self-restraint, that extra glass simply must be foregone for the duration; which makes it doubly enjoyable, and doubly precious.

CHAPLINS
CELESTA SHERRY 13/6
12/6 and CONCORD PORT

Supplied to the public through the Retail Trade ONLY.

W. H. CHAPLIN & CO. LTD. Estd. 1867
Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchants, Distillers
and Vineyard Proprietors. LONDON · GLASGOW

To MEMBERS of the Scottish Widows' Fund

In the past 126 years members have invested nearly £95,000,000 in premiums.

During the same period over £100,000,000 was paid to members or their families and the Society still holds £35,000,000 out of which to pay the claims of existing members as they arise.

Increase your stake in this strong old mutual Society. In most cases new with-profit policies cover CIVILIAN WAR RISKS WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

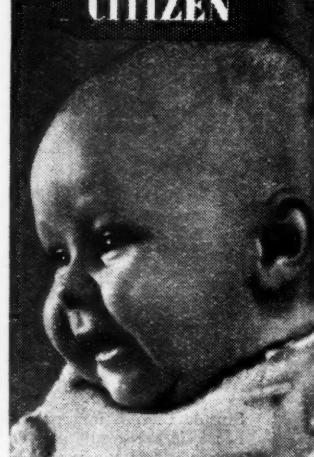
Write to your agent or to the Secretary,



Scottish Widows' Fund

Head Office: 9, St. Andrew Sq., Edinburgh, 2

**TO-MORROW'S
CITIZEN**



One of the better men we shall need if we are to make a better world. A pretty promising specimen, don't you think? Thanks to his wise mother who put him on COW & GATE Milk Food.

Thanks to COW & GATE who have maintained supplies.

Please remember COW & GATE must only be used for young infants

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COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies love it."

No post orders.
There are still limited supplies of Young's Morecambe Shrimps—freshly peeled—spiced—cooked.
YOUNG'S | Beauchamp Pl., London, S.W.1 and at Morecambe.
Morecambe SHRIMPS

The popular British Cigar with the mild Havana flavour.

CARASADA INTERMEZZOS

Elegant shape
54 inches long,
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Box of
25 for 25/-
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GREEN'S LTD.,
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household and embroidery

LINENS
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THE OLD BLEACH LINEN CO. LTD.
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It's a pleasure to economise
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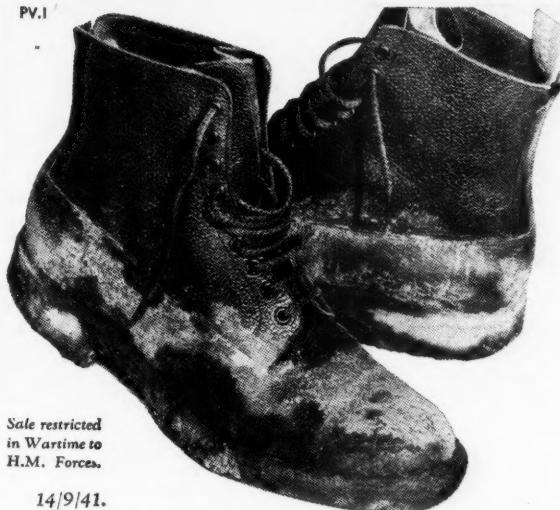
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Schweppes

MALVERN SPA

See its sparkling clearness as it bubbles in your glass. Take a deep draught. How clean and crisp it is on the tongue. Could you have believed that water could taste so satisfying?

Just as delightful
blended with spirits



Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.

14/9/41.

This pair of Lotus Veldtschoen were bought exactly 20 years ago this month. They have been worn regularly throughout every winter and have withstood all weathers without the slightest indication of letting in water. The uppers are still in excellent condition.

LOTUS

Veldtschoen

GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

By APPOINTMENT TO
THE KING & QUEEN

EYES RIGHT

Let's see

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Advert. of The Edison Swan Electric Co., Ltd.,
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Machinery Belting for Driving and Conveying. Endless Belts for British, American and Continental Machine Tools.

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Wherever quality can ensure efficiency, safety and reliability, you may expect to find B.B. Products.



For our
throats sake
we all prefer
CRAVEN
"A"

10 for 1/- 20 for 2/-



Carreras Ltd. 150 Years' Reputation for Quality



The Priceless Biscuit

It is an odd reflection that, if the 'points' be lacking, not all the wealth of Ophir will suffice to purchase a single Romary Biscuit. And in a topsy-turvy world, where the cost of excellence in the new currency of 'points' is no more than that of mediocrity, the best becomes more than ever desirable.

We, no less than you, regret that in some parts of the country wartime necessity makes it impossible for you to buy Romary Biscuits. To those more fortunately placed, we would say: Romary Biscuits are still the supreme example of the art of biscuit craftsmanship and today the need for 'points' lays an additional emphasis upon quality.

ROMARY'S 'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits

(Registered Trade Mark)

A detailed illustration of a Romary's Biscuit tin. The tin is rectangular with a dark lid and a light-colored base. The words 'FIFTH AVENUE' are printed in large, bold, serif capital letters on the front. Below this, 'CIGARETTES' is printed in a smaller, sans-serif font. The tin is shown slightly open, with a few cigarettes visible inside.

Specially prepared by
Abdulla for all lovers of
the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/-

173 New Bond Street, W.1



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ON ACTIVE SERVICE

IN the long armistice which followed the "cease fire" in 1918, British Railways instituted developments and improvements which could not have been more wisely planned had they known beyond doubt that hostilities would be resumed in 1939.

Many millions of money were expended on widening tracks, improving signalling, removing bottlenecks and in a hundred and one other ways which gave the public the fine trains and high speeds prevailing

before the war. The railways carried through these improvements during a period of acute depression when they were suffering grave loss year after year.

Their courage and foresight have stood the Nation in good stead — for these years of intensive development have made it possible now for British Railways to carry smoothly and efficiently the vast burden of additional freight and passenger services so vital to the war effort.

BRITISH RAILWAYS
GWR · LMS · LNER · SR

Carrying the War Load

HARRODS

Service uniforms



SERVICE Uniforms from Harrods carry the same hall-mark of quality that you associate with everything you purchase from this famous House.

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PUNCH

OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5318

January 20 1943

Charivaria

An optimist complains that a lot of people nowadays worry about nothing at all. So do we, when it happens to be in the bank.

Accused of theft, a man declared he took a hen for a lark. Evidently he needs a lesson or two in Natural History.



"Nicotine can be added with safety to combat other pests at the same time. I will go into mildew more fully next week."

Sunday Times.

So be it.

A sea-serpent was once exhibited in London, recalls a correspondent. And may be again. Keep your eye on your fishmonger's slab when the zone scheme gets going.

"There is nothing terrible about a man losing his temper," says a clergyman. The real trouble is that he always finds it again.

A lady advertises an out-size dress-suit for sale. Why not keep it? When peace comes she may be able to refill it with butler.

An American finds that English soldiers smoke their cigarettes shorter. Because they smoke them longer.

Bananas were unknown in this country a hundred years ago. And a hundred years from then.

An American professor has trained monkeys to sit at a dining-table and eat like gentlemen. Tails are worn.

"Thailand, seeing the tide of war setting against the Axis, probably suffers from conscience," says a writer. Siamese twinge.

"I started life without a shirt to my back," boasts a successful business man. Everyone does that.

The pet ape of a New York society woman has died. A monkey wrench.



A musical director warns girls that blowing a cornet or trombone is not good for the complexion. In addition to which it is apt to turn their dimples inside out.

Another Impending Apology

"Last February H— was bound over with a condition that she should refrain from associating with undesirable characters. The girl had since been continually associating with officers of the different branches of the Services."—*Daily Paper.*

"Comic opera classics like those of Gilbert and Sullivan should never be jazzed," says a musician. Nevertheless, the point may arise later: should the Mikado be swung?



According to a visitor from the States, business men over here seem to be only half-awake. Perhaps he has only come across sleeping partners.

An amateur conjurer says that at a Christmas party at a friend's house he performed the old trick of producing a rabbit out of a hat and got away with it. He was lucky.

Play for Two Persons

"MORE butter?" he said. "Potted meat? A glass of Benedictine?"

I looked at him out of the corner of my eye. That bit of Dr. Johnson kept recurring to me, the time when Wilkes was so attentive with the pepper. But I only shook my head and said I'd done very well.

"A cigar?" he said. "Or do you prefer chocolate?"

"Sir, sir," I began, and stopped. There's nothing so lame as a misquotation you can't finish. Some people can do it all right, I mean go right ahead with it and get it done, and very likely there'll be nobody there with enough assurance to raise a protest. But I can't. When I misquote I hesitate, and when I get beyond mere misquoting and start to paraphrase I lose my nerve. "Or however it goes," I say, and there I am. Kudos flies out of the window when truth comes in at the door.

So I stopped and lit a cigarette and looked round for a cat or a dog to poke in the ribs.

"There's a thing I've got here that I'd value your opinion on some time," said my host, getting up and strolling over to a thing you'd call an *escritoire* if you wanted to sell it. So then I knew where I was. This fellow was going to read his play to me.

I don't know why people pick on me to read their plays to. I've got no pull with Cochran. I don't know Basil Dean. I'm not even a Dramatic Critic. Sometimes I think it must be that I look like an Average Playgoer, but it's a solemn thought. Have you ever noticed, looking down from the dress circle, how bald the average playgoer is?

"It's a play in three Acts," said my host, coming back with a great slab of typewritten pages which he kept thumbing in a tentative pleading sort of way.

"Oh, ah," I said. "What's it called?"

"It's called *Egomet*."

"Again," I said.

"*Egomet*. It's a stronger form of 'Ego.'"

"Does James Agate know about this?"

"No. Why? He hasn't read it yet, if that's what you mean."

"Let it go," I said. "Are you going to read it to me?"

His eyes lit up at that, as I knew they would. He sat himself down opposite me and hitched up his trousers and patted the typescript. "Well, if you're quite sure it won't—" he said. "I mean, if it isn't an awful—" and then he squared his elbows and cleared his throat and announced "Egomet. A play in Three Acts, by Randolph York."

"BONG!" I said.

"Eh?" he said, startled.

"How do you mean, 'Eh'?" I said.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I thought you said 'BONG!'"

"It's a noise they make on the wireless," I explained, "when they're going to start something. Who did you say this play was by?"

"Why it's by me, of course. Who else did you think it would be?"

I suppose the idea of his reading somebody else's play to me knocked him right off his balance.

"I don't know," I said. "Kaufman, Edna Ferber, Sherriff, Michael Egan—plenty of people write plays."

"Well, I wrote this one," he said, giving me just a bit of a look. I could see what was crossing his mind. He was beginning to wonder whether I was even an average playgoer.

"So you wrote it, did you?" I said, pressing my advantage. "And what do you think of it?"

"What do I think of it?" he said. "Well, upon my Sam, I was hoping that's what *you* were going to tell me."

"Hold on a bit, hold on," I said. "Be reasonable. How could I tell you what you think of it. I'm no mind-reader."

"No, no," he said, keeping a tight rein on himself. "You misunderstand me. What I meant was, I was hoping you'd tell me what *you* thought of it."

"But I haven't read it," I objected.

He gave me a pale smile.

"If you remember," he said, "we were just going to begin reading the play, when you—when I—that is, we were just going to begin."

"Good," I said, "where do we start?"

"At the beginning," he said. "Act I, Scene 1."

"Good again," I said.

Then he told me that the curtain rises to disclose a small but decently-furnished parlour in the Cliffords' house on the outskirts of Manchester. Seated before the fire, idly turning the pages of the *Origin of Species*, is FRANK CLIFFORD, a young man of some twenty-three summers. He wears a small moustache. To him, with dust-pan and brush, enters KATIE, a grey-haired maid-of-all-work. She is on the terms of easy familiarity of an old retainer. Probably in years gone by she dandled him on her knee.

Then he began to read:

"Katie. 'Shame on ye, then, Master Frankie, to be settin' foreinst the grate a-blitherin' and a-blatherin'."

"One moment," I said, repressing a strong shudder. "I just want to get the background right, the—er—the *mise en scène*. This young man, now, is he sitting on the left or the right?"

"Left."

"On an easy-chair? Sofa?"

"Sofa. Divan. What you will."

"Facing the audience, perhaps?"

"Half-facing."

"Half-facing. I see. Yes. With the *Origin of Species* in his right hand, no doubt? So. And a small moustache. Good. Yes, I'm getting the picture now. Then, to him, enters Katie."

"Shame on ye then, Master Frankie, to be settin'——"

"This Katie now. She comes on where? Right?"

"Right-centre."

"There is a door, right-centre?"

"Naturally. She wouldn't come in through the window, would she?"

"No, no. Not in a Scene 1. Now, where is this window?"

"Which window?"

"The window Katie doesn't come in by."

"There is a window on the right, if you must know."

"I see. And a table beneath it with some flowers? Corn-flowers probably. Then there will be books, and a table and some chairs, I expect. Any piano?"

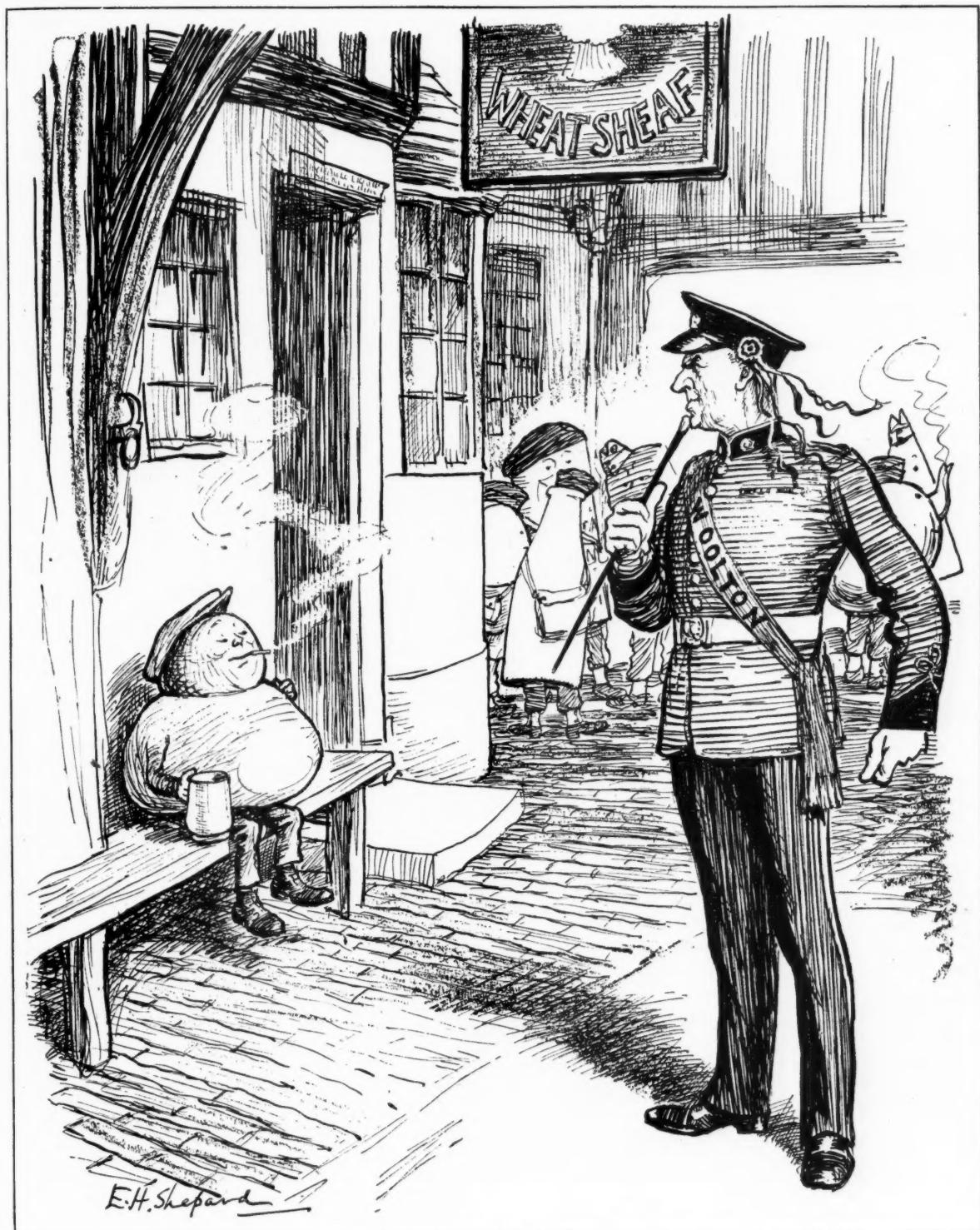
"Look here, would you like me to read the stage directions in full? Then, perhaps, we shall be able to get on."

"No, no. I just want to get the picture. Where is the telephone?"

"There isn't a telephone."

"No telephone," I cried. "Dear me, that's awkward. That's very awkward. They'll expect a telephone, you know."

"The date of this scene," said my host coldly, "is 1876."



A LIKELY LAD



"Were fogs in the nineties REALLY more penetrating than now?"
"Oh, much. They got into all the papers the same night."

"Couldn't you move it forward a bit?" I suggested. "I mean, it *is* important. You remember the big scene in *The Man Who Came To Dinner*? Where Robert Morley has that bit of back-chat with the operator? Well, that's the sort of thing I mean. It links the stage up with the outside world, don't you think, and sort of brings it home to one."

"I don't think——"

"Bring it right up-to-date, while you're about it. Into the nineteen-thirties, anyway. The public like to see the characters dialling, you know. They always count the number of twiddles. They like to hear the ringing tone too. Why, I remember a play—wasn't it one of Priestley's?—where the whole pathos of the thing, all the misery and suffering and misunderstanding and loneliness of it, was summed up and sort of crystallized by a telephone ringing and ringing on an empty stage. It was still ringing when the curtain——"

"There's a telephone in Act III," he put in sulkily.

"Well," I said, "I don't know. It's a long time to wait. But of course you can put it in the acknowledgments. 'Telephone by courtesy of the Postmaster-General.' Then they'll know everything's going to be all right in the end."

"Oh, devil take your telephones and everything to do with them!" he said, in a sudden burst of petulance. "Do you or do you not want to hear my play?"

It was a ridiculous question to ask, and by one of those master-strokes of which Providence is sometimes capable I was saved from the necessity of giving an answer. The telephone in the hall suddenly started ringing and ringing.

"I'll go," I said. And I went.

H. F. E.

○ ○

Setting Course

WE climbed above the flare-path, through the grey Half-light which on that winter's evening lay Cold on the fields, and as we climbed we met The sun's last glory as it slowly set. The dusk ran like a rim around the sky And to the West we saw, how magically, A golden bay, mountains and valleys bright, All colour crushed there in a daze of light, A fairyland that beckoned us to come Whom duty bade turn East towards the gloom.

Times Aren't What They Were.

ONCE upon a time, you will be surprised to hear, there was a royal couple who hadn't taken refuge in any other country, but merely stayed on in their own, living under present-day conditions with a view to training for living under post-war conditions, which they thought were going to be a good deal tougher.

They had managed to retain one retainer—all the others not having lived up to their name. This one had been turned down for the Services because of her leg, and wouldn't have done for munitions on account of her eyes, and her mum didn't want her living at home not while this here rationing was on, thank you, and provided nothing was expected in the way of cooking and two hours off in the afternoon and every Sunday and no cap and help with the rough, the girl was willing enough to stay on while the fine weather held, just to oblige.

The royal couple, from old habit, sometimes referred to her as the maid when they thought she wasn't listening. Otherwise she was called Patricia.

The part of the palace that hadn't been taken over by one of the Ministries was occupied by an insurance company, but the king and queen, together with Patricia, had their living quarters in part of the basement, the other part having been requisitioned to store blankets in for use in any national emergency. And the royal couple many a time asked one another if there wasn't something wrong with the drains that they hadn't noticed before coming to live in the basement. But there wasn't. It was simply that they'd never before come across blankets *en masse*. Sometimes, in hot weather, they almost thought that the blankets themselves constituted a national emergency.

The king spent quite a lot of his time in what had once been the second pantry, counting out his money. It was anxious work, since each one of the few sixpences he had left now had to do the work of half a crown, and it never did. The attitude of the income-tax authorities towards this inadequacy on the part of the unfortunate king's revenue was unsympathetic in the extreme. Letters were continually passing between them.

The queen, sitting in what had once been the housekeeper's second-best parlour, struggled with ration-books, points, and the store-cupboard in which the baked beans lay quietly in their tins.

Sometimes she had to deal with the less familiar fish that Lord Woolton had told her to expect, and each time they seemed even less familiar than the time before.

At eleven o'clock, knowing that Patricia was sitting down to toast, tea, and a bit of whatever was going, the queen ate a small piece of national bread with some honey, and was always very careful to convey the honey direct from the jar on to the bread, so that none was wasted, and to suck the spoon afterwards.

The maid Patricia, when she finished her elevenses just as the clock struck twelve, went out into the garden if the weather was okay and hung up her lingerie on the line, whilst at the same time crooning to herself—and to almost anybody else within a mile radius, for that matter—whatever song had recently taken her fancy over the wireless.

It was on account of this habit of hers that neither the king nor the queen recognized some screams for help that one morning came from Patricia while hanging out the clothes.

The king said: "Pennsylvania Polka" may be all right *in itself*, but the way that girl never gives the thing a rest—"

And the queen said: "Nonsense, dear,

this is 'The White Cliffs of Dover,' only she's gone wrong in a new place."

Actually it was Patricia shrieking because something black had swooped down on her out of the blue and, she felt perfectly certain, taken off her nose.

This turned out to be a mistake, but the parachutist—for such it was—had certainly brushed past her rather roughly before landing on what had once been a herbaceous border and was now a bed of nettles.

Fortunately a good many of the insurance company employees were Home Guards, and they came out and captured the parachutist.

But Patricia went in and gave the queen a month's notice on the spot, saying it wasn't the kind of thing she was accustomed to.

It wasn't till much later that it occurred to the queen that pretty well nothing was the kind of thing *she* was accustomed to—and when she did say it, the king answered her, since Patricia had already left.

"Very likely not, dear," he said, "but you and I haven't got anybody to give notice to, so we must just go on as we are."

But the queen replied: "As we are is a bit optimistic, isn't it?"—as she passed him a copy of the Beveridge Report.

E. M. D.



"Do you mind, Norah, if we have the kitchen door left open?"

At the Pictures

"SHERLOCK HOLMES IN WASHINGTON"

(LEICESTER SQUARE)

It is clear that there are now two Sherlock Holmeses. One is the great detective of the eighteen-nineties, with his keen thin face, bald forehead, and, out-of-doors, deerstalker cap and Inverness cape. To this *Holmes* the hansom-cab was the swiftest means of transit through the streets of London, a train the promptest method of reaching the scene of a distant crime. He belonged as completely to the late Victorian landscape as *Mr. Pickwick* to the last years of the stage-coach era, and those who first met him in the pages of the *Strand Magazine*, forty to fifty years ago, could as easily picture *Mr. Pickwick* using a telephone as *Sherlock Holmes* stepping into an aeroplane. But whatever the elderly may think about it, there is also another *Sherlock Holmes*, a mythical figure who, having been accepted by the world as the immortal vanquisher of crime, is destined to pass through the ages, taking each one as he finds it, and accommodating his appearance, his habits and his methods accordingly. He will, however, retain certain innate characteristics, and so long as he complies with this condition there is no reasonable ground for complaint.

On the whole his visit to Washington last year will not greatly jar the lovers of the original *Holmes*. **BASIL RATHBONE**, though neither lean nor thin on the top, has the proper incisiveness, lightning powers of deduction, speed of action, sardonic humour and, in moments of relaxation, taste for lofty platitudes. At the urgent request of the British Government he flies to Washington to trace a secret document which German agents are suspected of having seized. With him is *Dr. Watson* (**NIGEL BRUCE**), who has been brought up to date with perhaps more malice than plausibility. The heavy moustache has gone, and with it the air of bulldog honesty and courage. Unlike *Holmes*, he has aged greatly; he is now a dapper elderly

person, silly rather than stupid, fat rather than bulky, and if not more addicted to whisky or more susceptible to women than the original *Watson*, yet with none of his predecessor's reserve in these matters. His fatuity is in

his heart, as well as amusement at the thickness of his skull.

The German agent, *Stanley* (**GEORGE ZUCCO**), if not a Professor Moriarty or even a Colonel Moran, gives *Holmes* plenty to do, and the final scene, when

Holmes lures him into handing over the missing document (photographed on micro-film and inserted in a folding matchbox) may rank with some of the lesser triumphs in *Holmes*'s early years. Excellent, too, is the last glimpse of *Holmes* and *Watson* as they drive down a long avenue in Washington. "This is a great country, *Holmes*," says *Watson*, and *Holmes*, pointing to a white building in the distance, replies: "The Capitol! The very home of true democracy."

"MY SISTER EILEEN"
(GAUMONT AND MARBLE ARCH)

This is a really delightful film, produced and acted with a zest which gives life and reality even to the most threadbare or impossible situations. *Ruth Sherwood*, charmingly played by **ROSALIND RUSSELL**, comes to New York with her extremely attractive sister *Eileen* (**JANET BLAIR**). They are resolved to succeed, *Ruth* as a writer, *Eileen* as an actress, and having money only for a few weeks allow a plausible landlord to inveigle them into renting a basement apartment in Greenwich Village for thirty days. Dynamite blasts for a new subway explode beneath them, drunken passers-by peer down at them from the street through a curtainless grating, their beds are hard, there is no ventilation, and it is midsummer. "What are we going to do?" *Eileen* sobs, and her heroic sister replies: "We are going to do thirty days." Much happens to them while they are serving their sentence. An unemployed football-player sleeps in their kitchen to avoid his mother-in-law; their landlord, a temperamental Latin, makes ardent love to *Eileen*; and six young cadets of the Portuguese merchant marine dance her and themselves into jail for the night. But everything ends satisfactorily, with *Ruth* engaged to a newspaper editor and *Eileen* coaxing the proprietor of the newspaper to help her with her stage career.

H. K.



[Sherlock Holmes in Washington]

THE LOCKS OF SHERLOCK

Dr. Watson **NIGEL BRUCE**
Sherlock Holmes **BASIL RATHBONE**

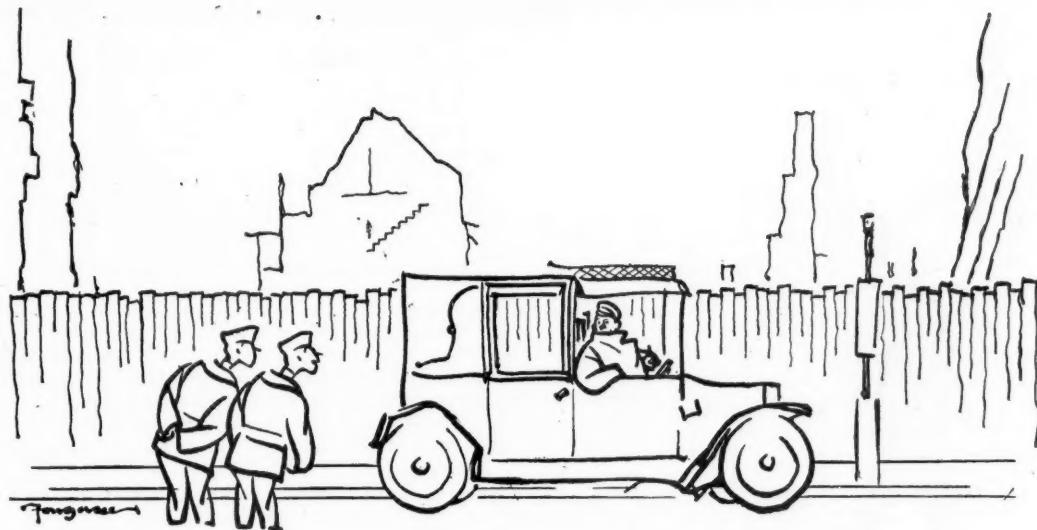
character. It is right that he should study light American literature during the flight across the Atlantic, and greet the police official on landing with "How are you, Buddy? What's cooking?" But he fails entirely to inspire confidence in the stoutness of



[My Sister Eileen]

APARTMENT, ART INCLUDED

Appolous **GEORGE TOBIAS**
Eileen **JANET BLAIR**
Ruth **ROSALIND RUSSELL**



"Gee, Pop, you must have had a close call when that bomb fell here, back in 1940."

Autobiographical Detail

I RECEIVED this letter some months ago:

Caleb Forthright, Esq.,*

DEAR SIR.—Many thanks for letting me see your manuscript, "Retail Milk Delivery Accounts—A New Approach." I hope to use this in a future number of *Statecraft* and can pay you ten shillings on publication.

Will you be good enough to supply me with a few notes about yourself for our feature "Contributors to this Issue"?

Yours faithfully,

MUNGO H. BRAGG (*Editor*).

Letters such as this make the blood race in the veins of their recipients. Of all literary forms the essay is the most costly in terms of human life. An essay is not a mere piece of reporting: it is a fragment of a writer's ego. An essayist is like a comet which sheds its splendid light only at the cost of its own being. The writing of every essay worthy of the name involves a measurable depreciation of the agents of production. At a rough estimate I should say that the composition that you are reading will cost several seriously-frayed ganglions, the petrification of a few inches of arterial

tubing and about five per cent. excessive destruction of vital tissues. A letter of acceptance cannot repair the damage but it does revitalise the organs that remain. Fame is the spur and famine the halter.

My brother Aubrey, helpmate, friend and typist, shared my triumph. We were to join the immortals. Our private life as well as our work would echo down the arches of the years.

"We must certainly mention your elocution prize," said Aubrey, "and your membership of Federal Union."

"We can't get everything in," I said. "They only allow about fifty words for each contributor. Suppose we begin something like this: "Caleb Forthright, poet, essayist, critic, philosopher and strong swimmer. Intended to become a masseur but drifted into prose. Likes dancing but doesn't smoke or play card-games."

"You've not mentioned your invention," said Aubrey. "Do put that in."

We spent a perfect day writing our potted autobiography. Success and the little financial windfall went to our heads. We rolicked about the house singing snatches of the "Enigma Variations" and making clerihews about ourselves. At last the summary was completed to our satisfaction. We posted it and waited.

Four months passed before the

complimentary copy of *Statecraft* arrived. Careless of salvage we tore wildly at the wrapper and turned eagerly to the last page. It was there. The name Caleb Forthright rushed up out of the sea of print. Underneath it were printed these words: "Still in her teens. Drives a car and adores Noel Coward. Says she doesn't try to write—it just comes! Has written numerous plays, poems and travel-guides, but the verse on page 32 of this issue is the first work she has had published."

Our biography was printed beneath the name Judy M. Bond-Thomas. It had been altered somewhat but was essentially us. It said: "A strong swimmer who drifted into prose. Claims to have invented the triple-pronged book-mark (a device to enable three people to read the same book on the shift system). Speciality—the Conga."

Aubrey did his best to comfort me. The mistake would certainly be spotted and corrected as soon as possible.

The next number of *Statecraft* contained this item: "We regret that a careless mistake in the arrangement of last month's 'Contributors to this Issue' should have caused annoyance to one of our contributors. We assure Miss Bond-Thomas that no disrespect was intended and offer our sincere apologies."

* My nom de plume



"Ob, he's rare all right—lives on bananas."

Modern Poems in the Chinese Manner

Firewatching

OVER my head there glitters the Milky Way.
Below me wind the dark streets between palaces
And great courts where dwell the princes of the city.
Their garments are of kingfisher-blue, and their caps have
many tassels.
In their halls are silken scrolls of grass-writing
And the fine pictures of the painter T'sao Pa.
But I sit alone on a high tower all night long.
I am clothed in the light of the moon and the stars,
And like the warriors of old I await fearlessly
The onslaught of winged dragons breathing fire.

Written on the way back to armed camp after a short leave in the Capital

Miss Li So dances exquisitely in Continuous Revue.
She is young and slim as a cardamum bud, and her make-up
is skilful.
When she floats on to the stage robed in a gauzy veil of
transparent colours
I am reminded of a white cloud drifting over the Kao Pao
mountain;
Her eyes are like blue water in a lotus-pool.
But when I spoke to Li So at the gate of the Blue Tower
And told her of my admiration, she laughed and mentioned
much gold.
Her laughter was like the chiming of little bells
On the roof of the Imperial Palace, but my heart was
broken.
After the war I will return to the country and marry a
wood-cutter's daughter
Who does not paint her face.

Composed whilst waiting in a queue to buy some fish
On a calm lake near my old home the fisherman plies
his trade.
His wife looks out from their hut in the reeds and plans a
worthy dinner.
As dusk falls, the little lanterns are reflected in the
waters,
And the light at the mooring-post gleams on the wave.
I will return to the land of my childhood
And play to the fisherman on my lute
Until he loads my wicker basket with silver-scaled trout.

On hearing a song at Closing-time

"In ancient days the Lady T'sai composed an air for the
Tartar flageolet;
It was a melody in eighteen bars." Thus spake the poet,
Who is fortunate indeed to lie in his honoured tomb
On the peaceful plains of the Northern Kingdom.
The airs of these times, as sung by the Imperial Troops
After a bowl of strong wine in the House of the Vermilion
Dragon,
Are far from melodious, and indeed remind me
Of the loud noises of the Mongol hordes beyond Kansu,
Who rejoice over such trivial themes as the Rolling of a
Barrel of Liquor
The Running of a Rabbit, and the Passing of the
Ammunition.
I will go into my allotment and listen to the Oriole
Until the Emperor's soldiers have returned to their camp.

Inspired by the tragic passing of my Fuel Target

Here in my little bamboo pavilion the view
Extends over the mountain and the wide plain.
The wind is rising to-night and sings a cold song,
For the time of the pear-blossom is far off,
And the frost whitens the sleeping fruit trees in my garden.
I wrap my feet in a fur mantle
And dream of the braziers that burn in the Imperial Palace
And the thousand lanterns lighting the lily-pool
And the coloured fires that gleam in the Hall of Southern
Fragrance.
The ice-laden grasses rattle in the wind,
But my stove is without fire and I have no candles.
The cold moon is my only lamp, and shines into the room
with a cheerless countenance.

Composed upon learning that my betrothed has enlisted in the Imperial Forces

In peaceful days the Lady of my Heart
Lay sleeping on her elegant couch until a late hour.
When she arose the morning sun had already topped the
Peak of Heaven
And the peach-blossom glowed beneath her window.
Clothed in phoenix-embroidered silks she would lean from
her high tower
And muse upon the Court ceremonies of the day to come.
Now that the winds of war rage over the Frontier Mountains,
On the Jade Door Pass my Lotus-Bud keeps watch for
the enemy,
Wearing the Emperor's uniform and skilled in the use of
diverse weapons.
She sees the dawn break over the wide plain
But is too hungry and cold to greet the sun with appropriate
reverence.
When the cloud of battle has melted away she will return
To the high tower and we shall feast together in the room
overlooking the peach-blossom.

H. J. Talking

IT is noticeable that science more and more has to get help from outside to solve its problems, and many scientists find it necessary to read up such subjects as politics and economics to eke out their explanations, which in the old days would have been very water-tight and good enough for anyone. Electrons, for example, are partly physics, partly chemistry and partly philosophy, though some think they are mainly algebra. I once wrote a stirring paper to show that they had cases, like Latin nouns, and B. Smith, who has always been anxious to work in some Egyptology he once learned, now explains them by hieroglyphics, and many fellows of the Royal Society can be seen creeping furtively into the British Museum as a consequence of this.

Very big and very small things always seem to worry scientists, who feel irritated that they can't grab hold of them and boil them, which is a way they are apt to treat carbon and sulphuric acid and such. I once knew a man who made a corner in the planet Mars, and he was always working out how much bigger it was than a marble, and how much heavier than a pea, and how much hotter it was than the Red Sea at lunch-time. He was always calculating how many people could stand on it, which distracted him when he saw the crowds at football matches.

One of my investigations was why there are few who are as highly thought of at home as among strangers—wives, brothers and valets taking a particularly low view: though butlers seem to be more tolerant. To make an investigation of this I once engaged a valet and did my best to impress myself upon him, explaining my scientific discoveries in simple language and trying every means that I knew to engage his esteem. I left a fuse and a small charge of gunpowder in his bedroom and pulled him out as soon as it exploded, but this made him less commendatory than peevish. I next applied a local anaesthetic to my hands and, pulling some hot coals from the fire, juggled with them, but he merely yawned, picked one up and swallowed it, he having spent his early life in a circus. As a last attempt I sprinkled his sheets with water so that he got a chill and then nursed him night and day with my own hands, but he complained that under the National Health Insurance he was entitled to skilled attention and hinted darkly that in some obscure way I was infringing the Truck Act.

This valet, whose name was Plover K. Blake, was Mayor of the neighbouring town, and being very poor he often had to pawn his ordinary suit and attended me dressed in his official robes, which caused comment when he went away with me to stay at country houses. He was usually accompanied on these visits by a Mace-bearer, and sometimes the Recorder came as well. When he was engaged on official business I got rather neglected and often had to follow him to the Town Hall for him to shave me. He did not conceal his opinion that science was rather a low occupation, and to improve my status a little he gave me the freedom of the Borough. He also arranged for me to deputize for him at minor functions, and in this way I attended seven prize-givings, ten school sports, and five performances of *As You Like It*.

At one time Plover K. Blake had been organizer of Merriment in a Hydro. His job was to take the inmates

out of themselves and bring sunshine into their withered lives. For this purpose he learnt three hundred riddles, four animal imitations and a dialect monologue about the Diamond Jubilee, but after three days of his efforts, which began at dawn and were relayed to loud-speakers in each bedroom, six inmates got hold of him and shut him into a special kind of bath which scrubbed you with red-hot wire-brushes and forced boiling mud into your ears. Normally this cost a guinea for three minutes, the ordinary dose, but a few minutes after a subscription list was opened they had collected enough to pay for two hours, during which time they played him a laughing song on the gramophone.

Many proprietors of hotels are secretly obsessed with the fear that their guests will combine against them, so that they do everything they can to split them up, for example, by having separate rooms instead of a dormitory, porters always on guard, lowering food and depressing lights. The only occasion I know of when the guests combined against the management itself was in an hotel kept by two retired amusement-park proprietors who reconstructed the lift so that it always shot very rapidly right up and down several times before stopping at the desired floor; they also served the food by throwing it from the service hatch directly on to the plates in front of the diners. When they fitted a powerful motor to the revolving-doors rebellion broke out, and many fiendish revenges were perpetrated on them, among such being the tatting together of their moustaches by infuriated spinsters.



"Don't stand there jawin' to me, Katie—d'you want me to lose my job?"



"I don't mind telling you that this offence is punishable with penal servitude, or even death, but in view of your inexperience I shall just admonish you and fine you the sum of ninepence."

The Phoney Phleet

V—H.M.T. "Hallo!"

OUR trawlers and corvettes have things
That utter loud recurrent "pings"
When objects in the sea below
Approach their vessel; thus they know
Just when a submarine is near
And can attack it. Is that clear?

A certain Sub-Lieutenant Mence,
Though lacking in experience,
Was prone to fiddle with these things.
One day, in port, gigantic "pings"
Resounded from the instrument.
Young Mence, alone on duty, sent
The crew to "Action Stations," and
Had all the depth-charge throwers manned.

The "pings" continued, growing more
And more insistent, till he swore
A U-boat must be right below
The keel of H.M.T. "Hallo!"
(That was the trawler's name). The fact
That fifty vessels tightly packed
Around him seemed not to have been
Or heard this hostile submarine
Did not impinge upon his brain.
Exalted, pale beneath the strain,
He shouted "Let 'em have it, boys!"
Ye gods! You should have heard the noise

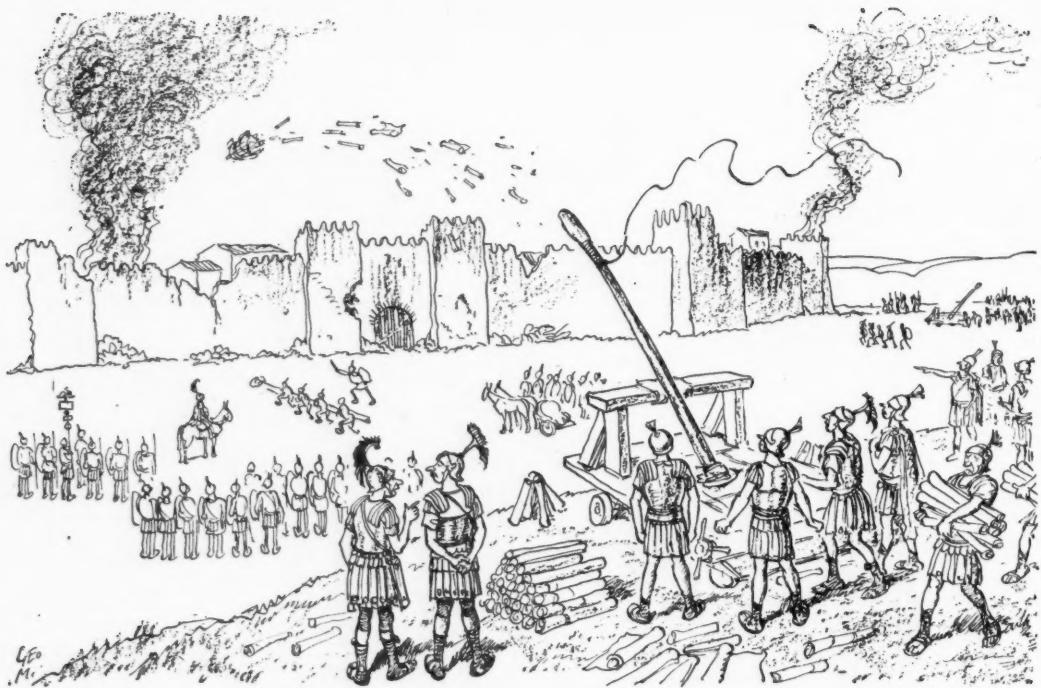
And seen the bally awful mess
Inside the harbour! H.M.S.
Pantechnicon, a battleship,
Came sliding down the building-slip
Two months before her launch was
due;
It wrecked three cruisers, and it blew
Some forty tons of sole and plaice
And skate inside the naval base,
Including an electric eel
Which made the Admiral reveal
Agilities that hitherto
No one suspected, much less knew.
A tidal wave arose which beached
An aircraft-carrier and reached
The dry-dock, which it rendered wet,
Causing an incomplete corvette
To put to sea against her will.

They talk about that party still
Around that port. But, do you know,
They never found the old "Hallo!"
Moreover Sub-Lieutenant Mence
Was not there to give evidence.
They never knew about that "ping,"
They never found a single thing
Which gave a clue. But I've heard say
There was a diver down that day.



LEAKAGE

"Make a thorough job of it, my man: I don't want it to get through to the people down below."



"What's the good? THEY can't read Latin."

Little Talks

DER hair is a little thin.
Please?

Der hair is a little thin,
Fuehrer. On der top.

*Naturally. My unheard-of exertions,
my inhuman anxieties—*

"Exertions," ja, Fuehrer. But
"anxieties," nein! Der news is good.

Eh?

Der news, mein Fuehrer. Always der
news is good.

Ja. Der news is good.

Last night I listen to der good
Doktor Goebbels.

Ja?

Ja. Der good Doktor. Ach—der
Russians—how ve roll them back!

Eh?

Der Russians, Fuehrer. Ve roll
them back. To-morrow ve capture
Stalingrad.

*Eh, vot? Ja. Do not too much cut
off in der front.*

Nein, mein Fuehrer. Der famous
forelock—old Hans vill not an inch of
it liquidate. But der hair—der hair is
a little thin, Fuehrer—

Do not say dot again.

Nein, Fuehrer. But der news is good.
Der Russians, ve roll them back.

Ja.

To-morrow Stalingrad. In der
spring—Moscow.

Ja.

Meanwhile der Caucasus.

Eh? Ja. Der Caucasus.

How soon, Fuehrer, vill der oil of der
Caucasus available be for der People's
Car?

Der vot?

Der People's Car. Before der var—
Der criminal assault of der Aggression-

conspiring English.

Ja, Fuehrer. Before der criminal
assault of der English on der peace-
pursuing Germans, my son Fritz has a
People's Car. All peoples in der Reich,
you remember, Fuehrer, vos to have a
People's Car.

Ja. I remember.

But ven der var came dere vos
no more oil for Fritz's People's Car.
And now my son Fritz he live ten miles
from der station.

Do not too much cut off in der front.

Nein, Fuehrer.

*Der oil for der brave German soldiers
and sailors must be reserved.*

Ja, Fuehrer, in der beginning, I
understand. But now ve have der oil
of der Caucasus, and my son Fritz he
live ten miles from der station—

*Der oil of der Caucasus for our brave
German soldiers must be reserved.*

Vould der Fuehrer like a shave?

Nein.

Heil Hitler! I understand, Fuehrer.
Der news vos good. Der victories vos
colossal. But always der sacrifices of
der civilians must continue.

*Ja. Nein. Not always. Till der
victories vos consolidated der sacrifices
of der civilians must continue.*

Heil Hitler! Vould der Fuehrer like
a little preparation for der hair? Der
hair is a little thin on der top.

Nein.

Heil Hitler!

Vot does der stuff do?

It vos highly recommended. It vill
make der hair grow vere no hair
before vos. It is not so good as it vos
before der criminal aggression of der
English, ven it vos made of cow-fat

and sweet oil and der feet of sheeps. Now it vos made of dandelion leaves and old newspapers and seaweed. But still it vill make der hair grow vere no hair before vos.

How much is this muck?

My sister she upset a little of der preparation on her face, and der next day she has grown a beard.

I'll take a bottle.

Heil Hitler! But soon der victories vill consolidated be and der preparation vill be no more of seaweed and old newspapers made, but cow-fat and sheeps' feet from der Caucasus and der Ukraine.

Ja.

How soon, mein Fuehrer, vill der victories consolidated be?

It takes time.

Ja, Fuehrer, it takes time, I know. It vos nearly three years now since der great victories in Denmark, and not yet any Danish bacon have I experienced.

Silence!

Heil Hitler!

Der Danish bacon, Hans, for der brave German soldiers must be reserved.

Ja, Fuehrer. For der brave German soldiers it is a pleasure to starve.

Who is starving?

No one is starving, Fuehrer. And now dot der news is good from der Ukraine—

Ja.

Now dot der cornfields of Russia vos captured der German loaf vill be bigger and der German loaf vill be better.

Ja.

One day der Fuehrer vill a great speech make in der Sport-palast, saying: "Der brave German soldiers vos coming home from der victories and der sacrifices of der German people vos ended—"

Ja.

"Here is der oil from der Caucasus, and here is der corn from der Ukraine, and here is der Danish butter and eggs, and here is der tobacco from Turkey, and here is der vine from France, and here is der pictures from Italy and here is Herr Churchill in a cage—"

Ja. Dot vos a good speech, Hans.

Heil Hitler! Vould der Fuehrer der back of der head in der glass inspect?

A little more off the neck.

Ja. Der Fuehrer must der brave German soldier resemble always.

But you look queer, Hans. Are you ill?

Nein, Fuehrer. A little excited, only, to think of der great days ven der victories vill consolidated be.

No more off the top.

Ja. Der hair is a little thin on der—

Silence!

Heil Hitler! But ven der oil from der Caucasus is rolling in—

Do not go on about der oil from der Caucasus.

Please, Fuehrer. And der tables vos loaded with der Danish bacon, and der corn from der Ukraine, and the Fuehrer vos speaking in der Sport-palast, and der preparation of cow-fat and sheeps' feet vos made again, then vill no more der hair be thin on der top, and der Fuehrer to old Hans vill come twice a week for der cutting.

Ja.

And now der Fuehrer vill have a little shave?

Nein.

Ja, Fuehrer. Der Fuehrer is tired. It will freshen him.

Very well. A quick one. I must my incredible toil resume.

Ja. It vill be quick. It vill be quicker dan der oil from der Caucasus, or der corn from der Ukraine, or der Danish bacon. Look at my fine razor, mein Fuehrer. Feel the edge of it, mein Fuehrer. Is it not—

But, Hans, vy do you so strangely look at me?

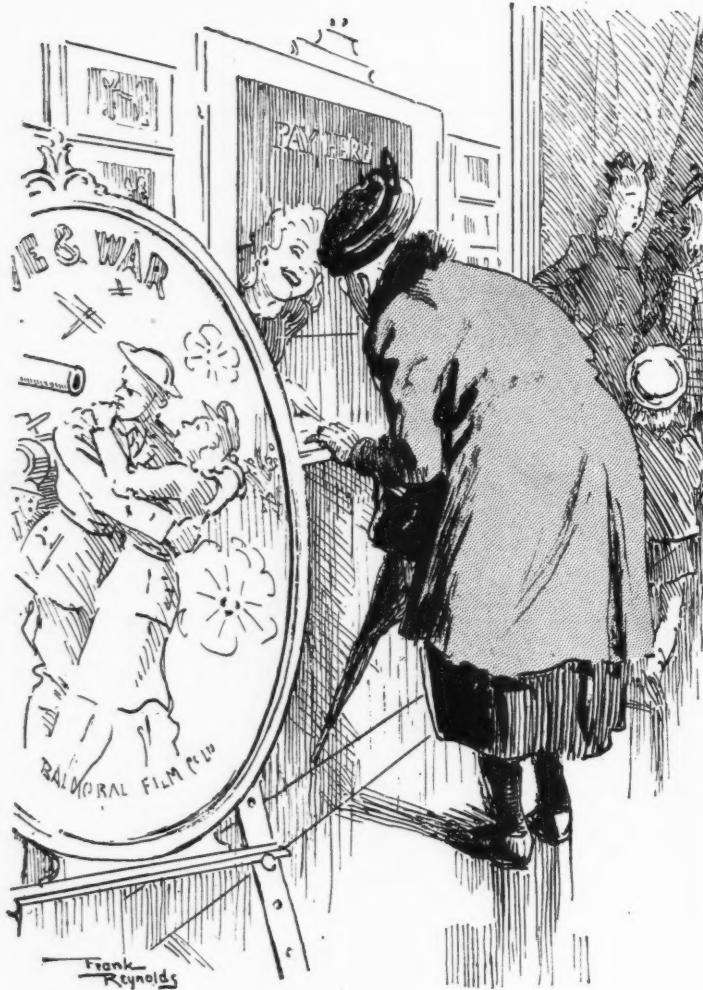
Because, you little vermin, I am about to cut your—

Ach!

A. P. H.



"Tcb—tcb—Higginton—only eight months ahead of schedule?"



"Well, madam, in a way it is a film about the war, but they'd never allow that to interfere with the love-interest."

The Group Captain's Mouse

SORRY to send for you when you're enjoying an ill-earned cup of tea," said the Group Captain.

"Not at all, sir."

"But the fact is I have just had as harrowing an experience as a man may imagine. I have been savaged by a mouse." He waved the horn spectacles which he held in one hand and the large roll of maps which he held in the other rather frantically.

"I'm very sorry to hear it, sir."

"It entered my right trouser-leg at

1649 hours and attempted to carry out a ceiling test. Miss Arrowtrue here will bear me out. No warning at all was given. The Japanese technique. Effective, but in the long run psychologically unsound. I'd got as far as being directed to inform Command that we were damned if we'd budge an inch on those obsolescent coffee-grinders when the unsavoury little creature took off."

"What altitude did he reach, sir?"

"The knee. I took the most drastic evasive action, as a result of which he

had to make a belly-landing over there by the hat-stand, performing some slow rolls on the way almost perfect of their kind. He then disappeared into that hole by the safe."

"Probably destroyed, surely, sir?"

"Miss Arrowtrue declares his port engine was in flames, but from the way he nipped across from the hat-stand I hesitate to claim him even as damaged. Er—there is one thing I should like to get clear." The Group Captain gave an embarrassed little cough.

"Yes, sir?"

"I am afraid I present a somewhat pusillanimous appearance."

"Certainly not, sir." The ribbons which blazed across his left chest, testifying to many gruelling excursions into jungle and stratosphere, denied this more generously than I felt I did.

"Oh, yes. I risk the grave charge of cowardice. But I am going to put my cards on the table."

I forgot to say he was already standing on it. Miss Arrowtrue, a stolid woman in a pink blouse, was still sitting beside it, drinking in the whole scene nervously in great gulps.

"I have a thing about mice. People who have read Freud and Jung tell me it is easily explained and commoner than you would think. One's nursemaid, you know, one's grandmother's omission to go upstairs backwards three steps at a time, and so on."

"I fully understand, sir," I said hastily, "for I am the same way about spiders." He looked enormously grateful. A little colour even ebbed back to his haggard cheeks. "I once had to leave an hotel in Baden-Baden in the middle of the night. I found one with Clydesdale legs in one of my bedsocks. It was terrible."

"What do you suggest?" he asked.

That this grizzled warrior should lean upon me so openly was most moving.

"That you should come down and carry on again with Miss Arrowtrue. I mean continue your dictation, sir. With another cup of tea. In the meantime I will put in an application for the Office of Works cat."

"Thank you a thousand times," he murmured brokenly as, with Miss Arrowtrue's loyal assistance, he clambered down. "I shall not forget this. If there is any question of mixed hockey next Saturday afternoon I shall be the last to stand in your way."

As I left the room he was putting up a brave show. "Para. Two," he muttered. "I am asked to say that under no circumstances whatever and irrespective of the climatic conditions prevailing should the loose coffee-bean be permitted—"

When I went back ten minutes later he was almost himself. "Well?" he asked.

"The Office of Works cat is unfortunately having his rest-day, sir, but his deputy is spoken of very warmly as an agile and conscientious animal. But he is working to a considerable priority list. At the moment he is doing a rush job for an A.V.M., and there is an Air-Commodore who declines to return to his room until he has called. But I've managed to slip you in over all the Wing-Commanders on the list."

"I suppose they wanted a loose minute before they would send him?"

"Naturally, sir."

"What else have you done?"

"Sown pieces of cheese from the canteen at strategic points about my room, sir." It was next door.

The Group Captain looked at me with a new admiration which was almost worship. I thought I could feel the rings growing on my sleeve.

"What will you do if . . . ?"

"Hit him with that report that came in this morning, sir. It's the heaviest thing I've ever read."

Back in my room I forgot everything in a telephone controversy with a Wing-Commander at the other side of the building. He accused me of idleness. I found myself calling him 'Sir' at rarer intervals. I disliked him anyway. In the end he wore me down by sheer superior fire-power. He was going out to a conference for half an hour, and the stuff had better be on his desk when he got back, or else. I told him they didn't open till five-thirty, and flames licked along the line. It was as I put the receiver to bed again that I first saw the Group Captain's mouse, sitting in my "IN" tray tearing the meat out of a SECRET paper.

He was a fine big mouse with a tail that went on and on and a brilliance in his beady Latin eyes that put me in mind of Laval. His encounter with the Group Captain hadn't aged him a day. He had terrific personality. Having eaten his fill of Secrecy, he moved on with the air of an experienced diner to the tray marked "MISS JESSOP," where he swallowed a large chunk of a letter which was only CONFIDENTIAL. Such dynamic confidence put assassination out of the question. I waited till he had finished his meal, which saved me the trouble of replying to it, and then, seizing him firmly round his swollen waist, I slipped him into my pocket and made my way across the building. The light was out in the Wing-Commander's room. The middle drawer in his desk was large and

comfortable and there were plenty of cigarettes to eat.

"I shall be playing mixed hockey next Saturday afternoon, sir," I said, going in to the Group Captain.

He gave me a cigar. ERIC.

Rights

IDON'T see why people
Expect me to be
The only person
Who's got any sense around here.
"Why didn't you do this?"
"Why didn't you do that?"
Yes, why didn't I?

Well, why didn't they do things too?
It is all very well,
My trying to act as if I've got some
sense,
But it gets lonely.

A feeling of isolation sets in.
I wish they'd hurry and catch up with
me.

Everybody should try to have some
sense
Or else nobody should.

Are they entitled to ask me
To do something they wouldn't try
themselves?

No, sir.

I've got some rights around here.
I've got a right to be as silly as
anybody else
Once in a while.



"Could you spare a minute, Mr. Wainwright?"

At the Play

“SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER” (ARTS)

THE unexceptionable institution called CEMA—it is a war-time Council for the Encouragement of Music and the other Arts, and therefore only short-viewed or peace-hating persons can take exception to it—has been giving a few performances at the Arts Theatre of GOLDSMITH's *She Stoops to Conquer*. The secret is so open that the programme prints it—this same production will at once proceed to a long "tour of the Royal Ordnance Force and Munition Workers Hostels" up and down the country. The company is Mr. STANFORD HOLME's, and the dear old comedy has been neatly and freshly trimmed and produced by Miss DOROTHY GREEN.

Why was Boswell so exasperatingly in Scotland when the first night of this play took place at Covent Garden on the 15th of March, 1773? (He was similarly absent from Sheridan's two major first nights a year or two later, and in consequence is continually letting down the theatre-minded reader for whom these three occasions are the major events of the eighteenth century.) There was as yet hardly any dramatic criticism worth the name, and Boswell's references to *She Stoops to Conquer* are unsatisfying though delicious. Near the end of February Dr. Johnson wrote to him in Scotland giving him the news of the town. It included this: "Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy, which is expected in the spring. No name is yet given it. The chief diversion arises from a stratagem by which a lover is made to mistake his future father-in-law's house for an inn. This, you see, borders upon farce. The dialogue is quick and gay, and the incidents are so prepared as not to seem improbable." To an American cleric on March 4th Dr. Johnson sent among other news the intimation that "Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy in rehearsal at Covent Garden, to which the manager predicts ill-success. I hope he will be mistaken. [Indeed he was!] I think it deserves a very kind reception."

There then occurs the maddening gap aforementioned. We cannot even be certain that Johnson or Boswell ever saw the play in performance, even though the printed version bore a dedication to the good Doctor. Very early in April there appeared in the Press an ill-judged letter which was written by Goldsmith and brought down on him the majestic rebuke: "He has indeed done it very well; but it is a foolish thing well done. I suppose he has been so much elated with the success of his new comedy, that he has thought every thing that

word anywhere, so far as our reading goes, about its performance! (Incidentally the reader may like to be reminded that the other subjects brought up at this latter dinner were the proposed visit to the Hebrides, the custom of eating dogs at Otaheite, literary reputations, and the habit of paying compliments to lofty personages. At this table also it was that Sir Joshua very charmingly put in a word for the player's profession: "I do not perceive why the profession of a player should be despised; for the great and ultimate end of all the employments

or the employment of mankind is to produce amusement. Garrick produces more amusement than any body." This does not hold a great deal of water, since it leaves out useful and even necessary persons like surgeons and steeplejacks. But it was, nevertheless, very well-meaning of Sir Joshua to say as he did.)

However, the great book is being (as usual) a great beguiler, and the fact that it has nothing to reveal about the first performance of *She Stoops to Conquer* really ought not to leave us so little space to reveal anything about the latest one. The truth is that the old play can take far more acting than it gets in this production. The nettle of classic comedy has to be grasped firmly, or it promptly stings those who tackle it. Only Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, who is now an Old Actor in Elia's loaded sense of the term, has the manner and style which this play peremptorily demands. It is not a mere

easy matter of taking snuff or not taking it, fluttering a fan or refraining from fluttering. Seriously and sincerely we suggest to Miss GREEN that she should invite this *Mr. Hardcastle* to give an hour's lecture each day to *Kate*, *Marlow*, *Hastings*, *Constance*, and *Tony Lumpkin* on the technique and tradition of artificial comedy-acting. The armament-workers may then get the thorough performance they deserve instead of the present merely agreeable one. In its present stage the piece is being done in a way which, like Sir Joshua Reynolds's observation, is well-meaning rather than comprehensive, and like Boswell as a contributor to dramatic criticism satisfying only in patches. A. D.



CONFICTING VIEWS OF SAME YOUNG MAN

Miss Hardcastle *MISS THEA HOLME*
Mr. Hardcastle *MR. O. B. CLARENCE*

concerned him must be of importance to the publick."

On April 15th the two dined in Goldsmith's company at General Paoli's, and we learn that the King had been to see the new play. And on April 29th when the same three were dining at General Oglethorpe's in the company of Mr. Langton, Mr. Thrale, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Doctor bestowed on the play that celebrated testimonial which must have given its author far more gratification than any royal visit: "I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry." Yes, surely he saw it acted? But not a

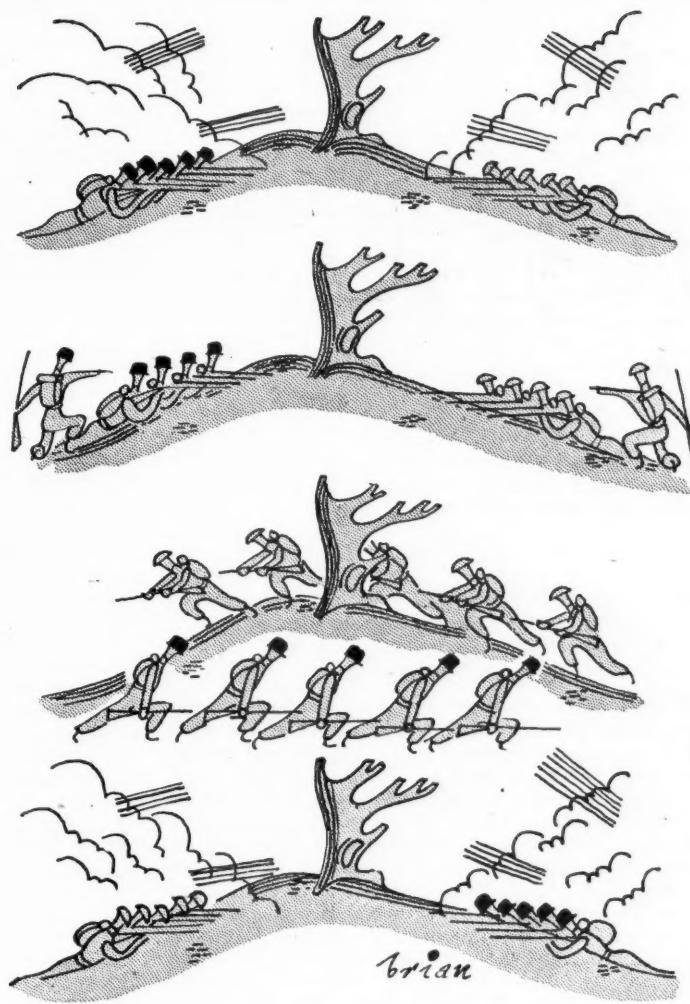
Toller Reports.

To O.C. "B" Sqn.

HEREWITH a complete report as required of matters relating to the alleged unauthorized shooting of game in the barrack area between 28 Dec 1942 and 11 Jan 1943 inclusive.

On Boxing Night 1942 I was the guest of "A" Sqn. At approximately 0005 hrs, the talk having turned to shooting and Lt. Cole having described how he had heard pheasants calling in the wood above the C.O.'s house, I purchased a shot-gun from Lt. Cole. I was unaware the gun was not licensed.

Understanding that game on land requisitioned by the Army authorities became the property of the Army, I first proceeded out on the evening of 28 Dec with the object of shooting pheasants. At approximately 1700 hrs on 6 Jan I shot a pigeon. The pigeon failed to fall off the tree but remained in the top. After firing several shots in an effort to dislodge the bird, I was compelled to climb the tree in search of it and it was during the climb that the Watch Mk I, on issue from the Signal Stores, must have fallen from my pocket. This has been reported to the S.Q.M.S. On arrival at the top of the tree I found the pigeon but did not descend as I heard voices below and I had lost my beret and my glasses. I did not at that time know the voices to be those of the C.O. and Major Scapworth, or I would



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have descended to report the matter. This was the only bird of any sort shot by me during the dates mentioned.

With regard to the margarine obtained from the Officers' Mess on the evening of 9 Jan 1943, this was for the purpose of roasting the pigeon but was not, in fact, used as it was decided to bake it on "B" Sqn Mess fire in clay, without removing the feathers or the inside, according to a recipe provided by Lt. Cole and in order to practise field cooking. It may be of interest to note, as the result of the experiment, that meat cooked in this way in the field should be allowed to bake for an estimated seven-and-a-half hours.

That Lt. Guston and myself consumed two tins of beans in the Officers'

Mess kitchen, contrary to Mess rules, at approximately 2330 hrs, 9 Jan 1943, was for the above reason. The margarine has since been returned.

With reference to the Court of Inquiry ordered for 14 Jan 1943 on the subject of the subsequent injury to my right eye, suffered at approximately 1650 hrs, 11 January 1943, this occurred owing to the gun purchased from Lt. Cole not having a spring. Unless the thumb of the right hand is kept pressed against the lever at the top the gun has proved liable to break and eject the cartridge prematurely.

As to the allegation of shooting game, may I point out that pigeon are not game but vermin and farmers are generally glad for them to be shot?

(Signed) J. TOLLER, Lt.
Home Forces.



"Now don't get me wrong, Buddy. I merely said that, to the casual observer, the buildings in New York might seem taller than those in London."

Our Booking-Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Katherine Mansfield

THE short stories of Katherine Mansfield which, after her death in 1923, earned her the title of the English Tchekov, expressed a nature of rare sensibility and perceptiveness, and though not much read at present have enough life to attract attention again both to themselves and to their author. Katherine Mansfield, who died of consumption at thirty-four, had the intense craving for experience and sensation of which consumption is both the cause and the effect. Her brief, vivid and feverish life is even more interesting than her necessarily fragmentary work, and one must be grateful to Mrs. NELIA GARDNER WHITE for bringing together in one volume most of the material already published about her, together with some fresh material. It is a pity, however, that Mrs. WHITE has cast her biography (*Daughter of Time*, CONSTABLE, 8/6) in the form of a novel. A biography masquerading as a novel has neither the imaginative freedom of fiction nor the associative stimulus inherent in real names and bare statements of fact. Much is lost by calling Katherine Mansfield Katherine Innes, D. H. Lawrence T. L. Davies, and Mr. Middleton Murry Aaron Ormsby Barr; and nothing, to say the least, is gained by writing: "It was summer on the mountain. Far off, the snowcapped mountains rose in their eternal winter . . ." instead of plainly telling the reader that Katherine Mansfield went to Montana, above the Rhone Valley, in the hope that its dry climate would cure her consumption.

In spite of the sentimental haze in which Mrs. WHITE envelops her characters, there are some scenes, especially those where D. H. Lawrence is present, in which the reality of Katherine Mansfield's life pierces for a moment through the mist. With all her defects, which can only with difficulty be inferred from Mrs. WHITE's narrative but are visible enough in the speaking likeness that serves as a frontispiece, Katherine Mansfield struggled incessantly towards spiritual and imaginative liberation. The fascination exercised by D. H. Lawrence on her husband, Middleton

Murry, repelled her. She perceived Lawrence's charm and the tragedy of his warped genius, but his condemnation of all personal feelings except his own, which everyone was expected to pamper, his gospel of the Dark Unconscious, his craving for blood-brotherhood, and all his other symptoms of what is now recognizable as incipient Hitlerism seemed to her "deadly and swamp-like." Murry did not see Lawrence like this, and the disharmony between him and Katherine, of which this was a sign, increased with each year, and was further complicated by her growing ill-health. The story of her last years, which has already been told by Mr. Murry, would be moving in any version, but if it is to be told yet again a narrator partial to understatement would be welcome. H. K.

The Desert and the Sown

From the Travellers' Gate looking north-west in the Great Wall of China, with a sort of roundabout to keep off goblins in front of it and nothing but *The Gobi Desert* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 21/-) beyond it, three medical missionaries, Miss MILDRED CABLE and the Misses EVA and FRANCESCA FRENCH, set out to evangelize the world's greatest wilderness. They took with them two carts, a disagreeable but honest carter, a boy, and innumerable copies of *Holy Writ* in Chinese, Turki, Arabic, Mongolian, Tibetan, Quazaq, Russian and English. Their five treks across the three thousand odd miles of Gobi followed, with many dangerous deviations, the old trade routes from China to Turkestan. And their story is told by Miss CABLE, an evangelist who enjoyed not only her message but its recipients and not only the recipients but their setting. Readers who begin, as the desert did, with a little aversion to missionaries, will find Miss CABLE win, hands down, by her generosity, self-effacement and her expert handling of a magnificent theme. Here is the desert, from the smallest jerboa to the greatest Lama; from an oasis florid with nectarines to a silted well surrounded by corpses—an unforgettable travel-book and a rare piece of natural and supernatural history.

H. P. E.

Weekly Criticism

Bloomsbury should be grateful to Mr. RAYMOND MORTIMER. His collection of essays in *Channel Packet* (HOGARTH PRESS, 12/6) places beyond question the good sense and the literary good faith of a community—one had almost put "coterie"—not generally esteemed for these qualities. Mr. MORTIMER writes with equal ease, if not with equal pleasure, on Mr. Gladstone (whom he admires greatly) and Proust (whom he defends from a puerile criticism), on Queen Victoria and Lady Bessborough, on Lord Macaulay and André Gide, on General Booth and "Beachcomber." Irrational prejudices seldom disfigure his pages, and he is capable of delicate irony. The statement, for instance, that "Contemporary verse-writers look to Donne for an example, and justly claim that their obscurity is hardly greater than his" is charming. The essays are generally in the vigorous main stream of English criticism, though hampered at times by a fashionable allusiveness. Mr. MORTIMER is himself uneasy about this. In the preface he remarks that "the journalist must keep the restricted surface he is filling continuously lively." This is undeniable, and only the method is dubious. The pages of *The Common Reader* are almost spotless of the kind of cultivated allusion Mr. MORTIMER likes, and yet the reader is spellbound. Virginia Woolf (of whom Mr. MORTIMER is shrewdly appreciative) kept her eye, and consequently her reader's, on the subject of her article, not glancing desperately

about for means to eke out its interest. Mr. MORTIMER is sufficiently master of his craft to be able to dispense with these distractions.

J. S.

Horns of Elfland

The *Songs of Childhood* (FABER, 6/-) of "WALTER RAMAL" appeared in 1902, and long before "WALTER RAMAL" acquired full-blown fame as WALTER DE LA MARE that first edition was treasured and re-read. It is now reprinted with decorations by MARION RIVERS-MOORE, and a few poems shed and added; so that, comparing it with *Peacock Pie*, one can retrace the birth and growth of an exquisite and unique talent. Here are the glamorous ladies, the mysterious men, the ominous witches, the dwarfs and fairies—with their overtures benevolent or malign—and the children themselves. The children are perhaps less individualized than their successors of *Peacock Pie*. Jane and her wolf are as decorative, and nearly as symbolical, as *Una* and her lion. And the profaner of us will prefer their successors of flesh and blood—*Plump Bess*, *Tired Tim* and the quartet that sang for the squire. Technically too these poems are youthful, touching with the sensitive antennae of inexperience a score of untried modes and manners. The finest are descriptive and lyrical—"Haunted," for instance, and "Lullaby." Yet if the whole fragrance of DE LA MARE has not emerged here, it is "stoppered, yet sweet of violets" like *Lady Caroline's* flasks of perfume.

H. P. E.

Look Back Proudly!

I do not go so far as to say that no mariner can afford to be seen in the public bar of "The Prospect of Whitby" without *Founded Upon the Seas* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 12/6) under his arm, but I recommend it as a most readable reminder of how much we owe to Elizabeth's sailors. It is a re-statement, with full acknowledgments, of the records of various authorities on sixteenth-century naval history, and the picture which Mr. WALTER OAKESHOTT presents is a tonic. Drake and Hawkins and Raleigh had a tough job. There was an awkward streak of appeasement in the Queen's make-up, so that once her sanction for an expedition was in their pockets they had to dash to Plymouth and put madly to sea before her messenger could arrive cancelling everything. We think a lot of ourselves if we have sailed round the world, with plenty of maps, medicines and tinned foods, and we are apt to forget the Elizabethans did it when the land ahead was little more than a draughtsman's guess (in spite of good work by such nautical brains-trusts as the Hakluyts and Dr. Dee), crews were swallowed up by disease, and rations a gamble with the odds against you. What courage, and what style! The first, it seems, we still have, but the competitive squalor of mechanical war leaves neither time nor room for the second; not at any rate in the sense that Drake understood it, who would reduce a port with masterly insolence in the morning, smash up its fortress in the afternoon, and dine courteously with its Governor in the evening.

E. O. D. K.

A Dagger for Germany

For a real understanding of the meaning of the British Empire, that true league of nations linked for freedom, a slender volume by HOWARD CLEGG is much to be commended. Among the first of the Canadians to face the chances of the Atlantic passage in defence of this beleaguered outpost were very many men of continental origin—Ukrainians, Swedes, Finns, Frenchmen—for whom our historical traditions had little meaning, but who found the need to live their lives as men rather than as Nazi slaves

mightily clear. They are still here, often disappointed on the eve of active service, a weapon pointed and waiting, a thing of deadly menace. The revealing passages come near the end of a quiet record—*A Canuck in England* (HARRAP, 4/-)—that shows this country reflected in the eyes of one approaching it with friendly feelings from very far away. In brief, England when wet and cold and strange and blacked-out is a most unpleasant place, but when spring puts flowers and sunshine in the faces of old dreaming villages and when occasion allows a little closer contact with the natives—especially, it seems, with the natives of Kettering—it grows on one as a country that has values all its own. Mr. CLEGG has gone a long way to learning all about us in much uneasy marching and countermarching. He has failed only to realize that the solution to that crowning problem for all strangers—why we talk so little in the train—is simply that we have learnt to save our vocal chords for some place where we can be heard.

C. C. P.

The Real Country

The number of books which have in recent years recorded the retreat—or return—of their writers to the country have in their very diversity made plain the rich variety of our land's face and our country faces. Mr. JOHN PUDNEY, whose book *The Green Grass Grew All Round* (JOHN LANE, 7/6) is the latest recruit to the army of works in this genre, has two or three notable and pleasing characteristics. He has a practical, almost a countryman's, way of regarding things rural with no love of whimsy or pretty-pretty, and he values the men and women among whom he has come to live not as something created for the entertainment of the sophisticated, but as being what they are—part and parcel of the whole which is country life. As a consequence his book is a wise and entertaining, if slight, chronicle of everyday adventures set in the dear, ordinary, unexploited scenery which is England's most representative, with the thread of poor *Miss Danyon's* love-story showing here and there in it, after the inconclusive fashion of most stories encountered in real life, yet somehow linking its incidents together.

B. E. S.



"Save the crumbs for the bens and the icing for the waste-paper salvage."

Orderly Officer

OUR draft arrived at Bulonga Transit Camp on Tuesday, and on Wednesday Second-Lieutenant Sympson was Camp Orderly Officer. The guard called him at 0515, and at 0615 he inspected the prisoners in the pen, which (according to a printed list of instructions) was his first duty.

"Does anybody want to ask the Orderly Officer any questions?" said the M.P. sergeant when the inspection was over. Sympson smiled benignantly on the assembled criminals, which he saw at once was a mistake, as a dozen men asked permission to speak to him. The first one said that he was worried about his wife's pay. He had deserted from the Australian Army and taken three months' holiday, during which he had married a wife. He had then joined the South African Army, only to desert again. His complaint was that neither army was paying his wife an allowance.

"When you get out of here," advised Sympson, "why not try the British Army? They are quite good at that sort of thing." The man still seemed dissatisfied, however, so Sympson promised to bring the matter in front of the Adjutant. He made feverish notes about this and the other eleven cases, and then went off to breakfast.

After breakfast he discovered that he had to inspect the various guards.

"They are too fond of guarding things in Africa," he said to me bitterly, as he set off on his round; "it shows a nasty distrustful spirit. So

far as I can make out there are about nineteen different guards, totalling something like a hundred sentries. And I have to visit each one of them twice by day and twice by night."

He managed to find most of the guards, with the help of the Orderly Sergeant, who knew the terrain, and his two tours by day, though they proved to be long and arduous, were carried out thoroughly and competently. The second day visit was concluded just before tea-time, and Sympson thanked the Orderly Sergeant for his help, and said: "What time shall we do our first night tour?"

"About eleven o'clock is a good time, sir," said the Orderly Sergeant. "Most guards begin to feel a bit sleepy about then. But I shall not be with you myself, sir. Our draft moves off this evening."

So Sympson went to see the Adjutant, and demanded a substitute orderly sergeant.

"Sorry," said the Adjutant, with a light laugh, "but we have no more in stock. You'll have to manage by yourself. There's nothing further for you to do except the two night tours of the guards. I should advise you to go round at 2300 hours and 0300 hours."

"Thank you," said Sympson.

He was unable to borrow a torch, so he took a hurricane-lamp from the officers' mess.

"I felt like Florence Nightingale," he said, "at first. But after looking for the Magazine Guard for half an hour I began to feel more like Sir John Franklin looking for the North-West Passage. I found what I thought was the Magazine Guard, eventually, but

it was the Petrol-Dump Guard. Of course I pretended that I had been looking for the Petrol-Dump Guard, and inspected the men's rifles by the light of my hurricane-lamp, and chatted to the Guard Commander about the last Cup Final I had seen in England, as a good Orderly Officer should do. Then I set off again in search of the Magazine Guard. I did not much mind if I found, say, the Prison Pen Guard or the Wireless Station Guard instead, but I don't mind admitting that I was chagrined to find myself, half an hour later, back at the Petrol-Dump Guard."

However, he inspected all the sentries again and resumed his travels.

An hour later, after getting lost in a wood, he arrived back once more at the Petrol-Dump Guard.

"If all Orderly Officers did their duty as conscientiously as you, sir," said the Guard Commander apocryphally, "the British Army would be a very different thing from what it is."

Sympson paid three more visits to the Petrol-Dump Guard, but not another guard could he find. Then at 0500 he stumbled, quite by accident, on his own tent, and went to bed.

The other guards, of course, remained extremely alert, expecting the Orderly Officer to make at least one visit, and the Petrol-Dump Guard, expecting him to continue his inspections, were more alert than they had been in their military lives.

"Congratulations, Sympson," said the Adjutant in the morning. "I made a tour myself at 0600 and all the guards were on the *qui vive*. You can have the Orderly Officer's job permanently till your draft moves on."



"But you're mistaken, dear—it's OUR night for sharing YOUR fire!"

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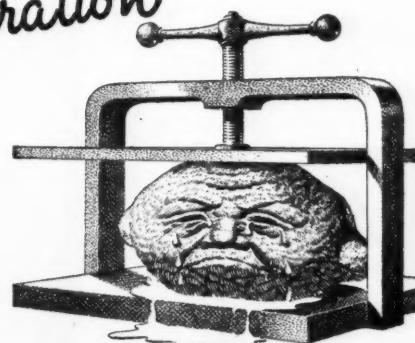
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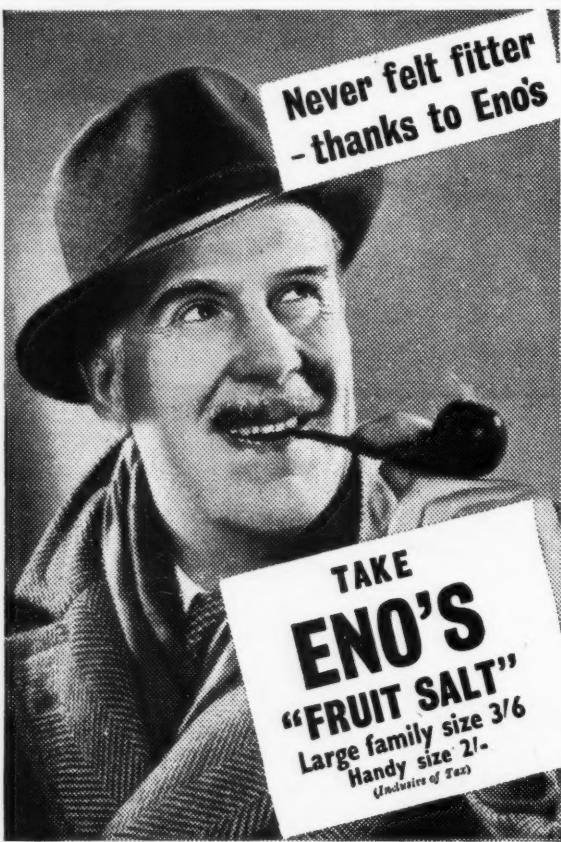
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When your dog rushes to welcome you, barking excitedly, tail wagging, you feel you must remain worthy of all that doggy devotion. Of course, if you are a "Chappie" customer you have the satisfaction of knowing that, to some extent, you'll be able to give him what is best for him. For, although "Chappie" is rationed we are doing our best to see that you get your fair share of the limited supplies available.

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to keep within
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RUB
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PAIN



Elliman's has always been precious to sufferers from Rheumatism, Stiffness, Sciatica, Swollen Joints, etc., and is even more so to-day, but

**BE WISE—
MAKE IT GO
AS FAR AS
POSSIBLE**

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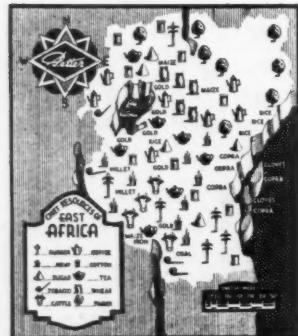
Just pour a 'blob' of Elliman's, about the size of a penny, into one hand, rub both palms together until the hands are well covered and then proceed to rub where the trouble is. Please do not use in a 'wholesale' way.



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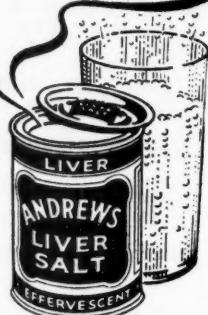
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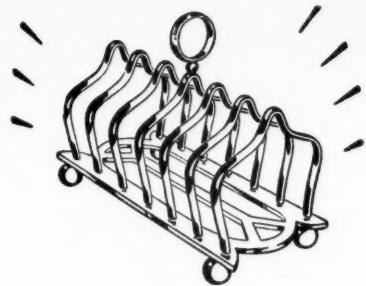
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